

to the reader

Cardon friends words I have digressed,
From the Chief point, should have had been expressed
And in good part these Miscellaneous take.

Unmistakable
Government now
to enter upon
the main point for
this book could not
talk against it.
but mostly to
show it.

which move for player, and instruction make.

Exod. 22. 18. Thou shalt not suffer a witch
to live.

Levit. 24. 10. And if a son or a daughter, who hath sworn
and in his witness, whether he hath
sworn or blasphemed it, if he do not believe it, he
shall bear his iniquity.

Secundum Legem non solum Actor sceleris, sed et qui est Crimen
et sceleris, obnoxius est peccato, si peccet.

Deuter. 19. 16. If a false witness rise up against any man to testify
Against him that which is wrong, then both the men
between whom the controversy is shall stand before the Lord before
the Priest and the Judges, which shall be in that day, 19. And the
Judges shall make diligent inquisition. And lo! if the witness be a
false witness, And hath testified falsely, Against his Brother.

14. Translated
His Brother
And the
Henceforth
And thus a
Tooth for a

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Deuter. 18. 9. Familiar spirits
Forbidden to be suffered.

And thou shalt stand at it, and shalt enquire diligently, the road. And
Deuter. 17. 2. 13/4. And it shall be as
Deuter. 17. 8. Thou shalt not consent unto sin, nor shalt thou
neither shalt thou have pity on him; neither shalt thou spare,
neither shalt thou conceal him. &c.

but the wife
expressly

And it shall be as

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neither shalt thou spare,

neither shalt thou conceal him. &c.

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which move for prayer, and intercession make.

Exod. 22. 18. Thou shalt not suffer a witch
to live.

Levit. 24. 16. And if a son or a daughter
be a witch, and in her witness, whether she hath
spoken or dreamed of it, if she do not relent her, she
shall bear her iniquity.

Secundum Legem non solum Actor sceleris, sed et qui est Causus
eius sceleris, obnoxius est poenae, si sceleris.

Deuter. 19. 16. If a false witness rise up against any man to testify
against him that which is wrong, then both thou and
thy brethren shall stand before the Lord before
the priest and the judges, which shall be in that day, and the
judges shall make diligent inquiry: and thou shalt be a
false witness. And hath testified falsely, Against his Brother.

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Deuter. 18. 9. Familiar spirits,
and familiar spirits, are forbidden to be suffered.

And thou shalt be careful of it, and shalt inquire diligently, etc. road. And

Deuter. 17. 8. Thou shalt not consent unto sin, nor shalt thou join
thyself unto sinners; neither shalt thou spare, nor shalt thou
conceal sin.

KING JAMES

his Encomium.

OR

A Poeme, in memorie and commendation of the High and mightie Monarch JAMES; King of great Britaine, France, and Ireland &c. our late Sovereigne, who deceased at Theobalds. vpon Sunday the 27. of March. 1625.

By Francis Hamiltoun, of Silvertown-hill.

Rev. Chap. 14. verse 13.

*Then I heard a voice from Heaven, saying vnto mee, Write.
Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from hence-foorth:
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours,
and their works doe follow them.*

EDINBURGH,

Printed by Iohn Weistoun. 1626.

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER.
SON.

VV Hether thy chance, or choise makes thee to looke,
(Right reverend Reader) on this Poeme penn'd:
Accept my first essay, this little booke
Despise it not: nor spare it to amend:
So shall thou thanks receive, and gaine a friend,
And for thy paines have praise, the just reward
Of such as vertue favour, and befriend
The just and good intent. Nor misregard
One little Talent (being rightly vsed
To vertues praise) which shall not bring disgrace
To the possessour. Talents ten abused
Makes the abuser loose them, and his place.
One little Talent with right vse I crave,
Rather then Talents ten hid vp to have.

SEVEN CROWNED
SON.

THE Heathen Poets who
(Blinded with bastard
Sung praise in Poems, in th
To such as they alledg'd ma
Against their foes in field: o
Prosperitie and peace: falsly
To Idols vaine, and Fortun
Welfare and honour, and th
As honey Bees, let Christian
The wholesome honey for
Nor wasp-like sucke poyson the
Benumde with sloath, learne their
One God wee must adore, in perso. three
Distinguish'd: who divided cannot bee.

SON.

SON. 2.

ONE God wee must adore, in persons three,
Distinguish'd: who can never bee divid'd:
And only he through Christ ador'd must bee,
Who Heaven and Earth, and all therein doth guide.
Little avails his gifts, where wants his grace,
His saving grace in Christ our Soules delytes
And thats our joy, that wee shall see his face,
When hee shall all his foes with Scepter smyte,
They shall all prove as potters shards, when hee
Shall with his Word, the sword of iustice kill,
And with his powers rodde shall crushed bee,
And fry'd in fierie flames for ever still.

Who would enjoy Christs face must fight the field
'Gainst sinne and Satan, and must never yeeld.

SON. 3.

WHo would enjoye Christs face must fight the field
'Gainst Sinne and Satan, till their life shall end.
Its horrible Apostasie to yeeld,
Great glorie through Christ Iesus to contend
Against his foes, the foes of our Salvation;
And persecuting Dragon, who was cast
From out of Heaven (as *is* by revelation
Made knowne to Christians, many yeeres since past.)
And beaten backe by Gods most mightie word
In Wildernesse, Church pinnacle and mountaine:
Where Christ with his transcendent two edged sword
Beate Satan backe, of all our finnes the fountaine.
And in the end for ever did confute him:
And by his death triumphantly refute him.

SON. 4.

Chrift in the end for ever did confute him
 By his owne death: and did in triumph rife
 Ascending to the Heaven, with Saints about him
 For to prepare a place for his, and prise.
 Aveyde thou subtile Satan, since o'recome:
 But doest thou still assault vntill the end:
 Although thou knowest that Christ defrayed the summe
 Of Gods Decalogue, and doth his Saints defend:
 Which though hee knowes, yet strives hee to molest.
 Christs litle ones, the apple of his eye:
 And still doth tempt, illude, delude, suggest
 Sinne vpon sinne, yet would seeme friend to bee.
 Behold our Captaine Christ shall him confound:
 So much the more in paines of Hell profound.

SON. 5.

Behold our Captaine Christ shall him confound,
 So much the more as he himself advanceth
 Against him, and His: for at the trumpets sound
 (Whilst Christ in Heaven his holy Saints inhaunceth)
 Hee shall repaye his spightfull plotted treason
 To the least farthing: and the wicked shall
 (Whom hee seduced hath against all reason)
 Crye hilles and mountaines, come, vpon vs fall:
 Then with that measure, which the damn'd hath mette
 To Christs deare Saints, they shall receive the dowble:
 Then shall Hells pitt bee shut, and Hells darke nette
 Shall hold for ay such as Christs Saints did trouble.
 Then yowling, mourning, woe and lamentation,
 Shall sease on Satan, and the Damned nation.

SON

SON. 6.

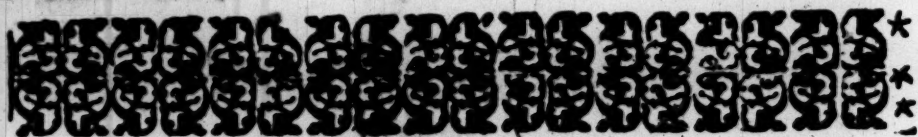
THen yowling, mourning, woe and lamentation,
 Shall sease on Satan in full strength and measure:
 And on the falling Angells, and that Nation
 Of damned Div'lish reprobates: whose treasure,
 Shall bee the fire of Hell, which goeth not out,
 And gnawing worme of Conscience never dying,
 Of Gods great wrath, the mightie thunder-bolt (flying.
 Shall pierce them through and through; from which no
 Go howle and weepe, the day doth now approach,
 Wherein the coales of fire, which you did heape
 On your owne heads, these sinnes which you did broach,
 Shall make you gnash your teeth, lament and weepe.

Then shall they say. are those Christs holy Saintes,
 Whom wee so oft have vexed with our vaunts.

SON. 7.

THen shall they say, are those Christs saved Saintes?
 Whom we esteem'd the off-scourings of Earth:
 'Gainst whom so oft wee gloried of our tants;
 Esteeming them not worthy mortall breath.
 Take pittie on your selves, yee wicked men,
 And strive yet if yee can to enter in
 In the right way to Heaven, least yee as then
 Debarred bee for your omissions sinne.
 Let elect Saintes in trembling, love, and feare,
 In faith and true repentance watch and pray:
 Praise God in zeale, in wisdom persevere
 Vntill the end, attending on that Day,

That Day wherein God shall make even our ods,
 And Heathen Poets damne with fained Gods.



THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

To all true Christians, to my Countrey of Great
Britaine, my native Soyle of Scotland, and to
that famous, and woorthie Towne of
EDINBURGH.

And especially to the two magnanimous,
and worthie Lords, JAMES Marquesse
of Hamilton. &c.

And GEORGE Lord Chancelour
of SCOTLAND.

Magnanimous Lords with ductifull respects
This Pilgrims Poeme, FRANCK to you directs,
Wishing your Lordships daigne to patronize it,
What FRANCK affords, let favour infranchise it.
My loyall love (though I bee much distressed)
From praising Vertue should not bee suppressed,
And how much more in Kings its eminent,
So much the more to praise it should bee bent,
Each generous genius. Since (conjectures past)
True tacticke practicke teacheth vs at last,
That JAMES the Iust hath both begonne and ended,
In mercie, peace, and grace now much commended,
And since so oft installed on a Throne,
His happie Head was honoured with a Crowne,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Till that nor Crownes, nor Kingdomes to him given
Could keepe his Soule on Earth now crown'd in Heauen,
Who having left of his owne royall race

A royall, loyall Prince to fill his place.

(And having him in Christian Schooles vptrained,

Till hee true vertue, and Religion gained,

So that in tender age hee did surmount

All Christian Princes in the best account)

In Peace and true Religion hath layd downe,

Three Swords, three Scepters, and a triple Crowne.

Shall hee so much was praised whilst hee lived

For vertue loved, and who so much was grieved

At vices of this age, now being gone,

Bequeath his vertues to oblivion?

No; since both rich and poore so well were pleased,

His memorie must needs bee eternized.

My Muse must praise such vertues as did dwell

Within his Soule, (which made him so excell)

Which wee must imitate, and alwayes strive

Wisely to vse our Talents (whilst wee live)

By his example, who defunct, doth rest

In Heauen with him, in whom he put his trust.

The vertues of the living, men should praise,

That more and more wee may true vertue raise:

Till like the graine of mustard-seed it grow,

And all the World abundantly o're-flow:

True vertues praise I heartlie doe intend,

Till that my breath, and mortall life shall end:

And so much more to praise it shall bee bent,

As I doe finde it true and eminent.

Your L. loving Friend to bee commanded

in all Christian duties

Fr. Hamiltoun.

To the right magnanimous and worthie Lord,
IAMES, Marquesse of Hamilton, &c.

SON.

Heroicke *Hamilton*, *FRANCK* to thee affoordeth,
With heartlie Love the praise of *IAMES* his worke
Our King defunct, and since my soule concordeth
With *CHARLES* his vertuous valoure, I send forth
My hearts desire in prayer to my God,
That hee our Sovereigne *CHARLES* may still defend
In Christs Religion: so that his abode,
May in beginning, in the midst, and end
Bee alwayes, and for ever with our Lord,
And Saviour ioynd, by holy inspiration
Of Gods good spirit, so that hee not debord,
From the right way, which hath to Heaven relation:
But that in him his grace aboundantie,
With the right use, and increase hee supplie.

Your L. loving friend and kinsman to honour and serve your L.
Fr. Hamilton.

To the right magnanimous and worthie Lord, *Sir George Hay,*
of Kilsawnes Knight, Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

Heroicke *HAY*, I know nothing so strong,
As bands of Love which vertue hath conbind:
And if I should not vertue praise, I wrong
My selfe more than I wrong true vertues friend:
That I may neither wrong I doe intend
To praise and love the vertuous dead, or living,
King *IAMES* and *CHARLES* our King, I must commend:
King *IAMES* in Heaven: King *CHARLES* for it living.
Magnanimous Lord even you. and I, and all
Must strive for Heaven, and whilst wee breath, must fight
Gainst sinne and Satan: least wee catch a fall
From Heaven to Hell; and so may lose our right.
Christe colours now are flying in the field,
And woe to such as shall to Satan yeeld.

Your L. loving friend to honour and serve your L.
Fr. Hamilton.

Amoris vincula fortissima.
= si mutua. in Christo.

KING JAMES

his Encomium,



From Earth to Heauen, our Sovereigne *James* departs,
Ravish'd to Ioy, who ravished the hearts
Of mortall men, by vertue, and is gone
From death, to life, that such may follow on
By his example, to our Sovereigne Lord,
Of Heauen, and Earth: who mereie doeth afford,
To Penitents: who of their sinnes thinke shame;
Baptised, and believing in the Name
Of God the Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
Of whom, not one, for ever, shall be lost.
Should not our heauenly Sovereigne Saviour,
Who sent vs such a King, in blessed houre:
As Lanterne light, to lead vs, and to leaue,
His Sonne a burning Lampe, by him to giue
All Christians cause of Courage which are true,
'gainst Atheists, Papists, Machiavellian cruets
Should he not praised be, aye more and more,
Calling our King to his Eternall store
Of heauenly glorie, perfect Ioy and Love,
Making him raigne for aye with him above:
Hath left vs yet a Lawfull Loyall King:
Such one, as from his Royall Loines did spring.
Whill as we doe reduce to meditation,
How none was like King *James* in any Nation
In all his time, nor any knowne to bee
So learn'd, Religious, wise a King as hee.

B

Whose

Whose Grace was graue, whose words werewise, and few,
Whose lookes were louelic, mercifull, and true:
Whose visage sage, heart humble, meeke of mind:
Bountie, and vertues beautie, there combin'd.
Whose body Chaste, with cheerfull Countenance,
Whose blessed breast wise counsells did dispencc:
By trusty tongue of honoured head, inditing,
What well became a Royall pen in writing.
Whose potent Poems, (wing'd with puissant speed)
From a coelestiall temper did proceed.
Writing of warres, or of a civill Storie,
Affected truth; despised mortall glorie.
Parent of Peace, of potent Poets Prince,
Religious, Royall, and Renown'd defence
Of faithfull Christians, gainst the Romish Whoore,
In thought, word, deed, like Campe, or Castle sure.
Could all the world such Phoenix King afford?
Such Royall, Loyall, Learn'd, Religious Lord?
No: Nor should I degener from my kind,
And so refraine to praise a vertuous mind.
Heroicke Hampton prais'd a forraine King,
For loue of Vertue which in him did spring:
Mis.construed: and rewarded with a cusse,
Was made to change his soyle for's counter-buffe.
And worthy Wallas was content to part,
For loue of King and Countrey, from his heart.
Shall I deduce my pedegree from such,
And not befriend true vertue even as much
In the defunct, or living? however it goe,
By grace of God it was, is, shall be so:
That I true vertue praise, extoll, and loue,
(In thought, word, deed) which comes from heaven aboue,

According

3

According to my power, and skill, till death :
My will shall be as fervent whilst I breath.
And what's nor to my power, nor skill permit,
My God (of mercie) will dispense with it :
And by his grace (of loue) he giveth me,
In and through Christ, my will he'll rectifie :
Which sinfull nature alwayes would pervert,
Wer't not my God, by grace, reformes mine heart,
I passe not what some perverse people say ;
Nor mumbling ~~Menas~~ shall my pen affray ;
Nor who so lust to jeast, to mock or scorne me,
Or seeke by fraud, or falshood to forlorne me,
By poyson, or by powder-plotted-treason,
Or faired faire pretences, bent gainst reason.
I tell them all, That Christ my Lord and Master,
Can well avenge his little ones disastre.
And that it better were for them to bee
Bound to a Mill-stone, and cast in the sea.
Then to injure, or doe malicious-wrong
Vnto the least which doe to Christ belong.
Except they doe repent, amend and find
Faith, true repentance, loue, and zealous mind.
O if Christs little ones were knowne to bee
By worldlings, as the aple of his eye!
Durst they injure, molest, wrong, or offend
The least of those that on the Lord depend.
All is not gold that glisters, nor all good
Which masked is with goods Similitude.
Behold the end, so may you learne to know
How good it is to walke in God his law.
Could any King (since yet the world began)
Haue sayd as blessed I AMES, who in Britaine Rang

In true Religion, fiftie yeeres and eight
 A crowned King, a Magazine well fraught:
 Sent from the Heauen to propagate true peace,
 All where through his Dominions, but release.
 The holie Spirit his Comforter did stand,
 Guarding his Soule, with his almightie hand,
 And now when Sinne and Satan made assault:
 The shield of Faith in Christ, freed his default.
 And quench'd those fierie darts with sacred blood,
 Which Christ for lawes had shed vpon the Rood.
 His counting booke of Conscience did occurre,
 For to controule his Faith, and barre the doore
 (Or gates of Heauen) for his sinfull transgression,
 But hee, by true repentance, and confession,
 (Through faith in Christ) to God : by's mercies looke
 Had all his sinnes scraps out of Conscience booke.
 Vpon his head, the helme of Salvation,
 Vpon his breast (to save him from damnation)
 The breastplate of true righteousness, through faith
 In Christ his Saviour, who him saved from wrath,
 And did the joyes of Heauen for him procure,
 Giving him Faiths true shield : to make him sure,
 His loynes hee girt with Truth : his feete hee shod
 With Peace-preparing Gospell of our God,
 Watching and praying, in his Spirit, assuring
 His Soule by perseverance, and enduring
 Till his last breath: Who thus and thus could say,
 Death can dissolve this Mansion house of clay,
 But gainst my Faith, my love, my hope, my zeale,
 To kill my Soule : there canno death prevaile.
 I know my sinnes are great, and that they might
 Iustlie bring on an everlasting Night

Vpon

Vpon my Soule: but my Redeemer liveth:
 My God, my Lord, who all my sinnes forgiveth,
 And mee releives from all such hellish paine,
 As would my Soule and bodie aye haue slaine.
 Christ was my comfort, now is, and shall bee
 My All in All, in his Eternitie:
 My faith is firme, and in Religion right,
 My hope in him, through his owne mercies might.
 Who hath directed, and protected mee,
 In the right way of true fidelitie.
 So calling for the blessed Bread and Wine,
 (Externall signes of mysteries divine,
 The Sacramentall seales of his Salvation,
 And tokens given of true justification:
 Making true mention of our Saviours death,
 And how hee hath his Saints redeemed from wrath)
 Hee them receives, vpon the selfe-same day,
 Wherein hee first did Englands Scepter sway,
 The third day after that hee had received
 The Sacrament, which hee sincerely craved,
 The twentie sixt of March, beeing Saturday,
 Yet the Iewes Sabbath, who did Christ betray:
 A day for rest ordaind at the Creation,
 That therein God should haue by everie Nation
 Adored beene, according to the rites
 Contained in the ancient holie writes:
 And kept till Christ did from the dead arise,
 To gaine to all his Saints heavens glorious Prize:
 Which day the Iewes (while as from Christ they swerve)
 Doe keepe as holy, for they so deserve,
 For crucifying of the Lord of glorie,
 Renouncing Iesus Christ, and's sacred storie.

Of saving grace) who doth Salvation give
 To all baptised who in him believe.
 The noon-tide of this Iewish Sabbath past,
 About two houres, King *James* lost speech at last.
 After that hee his Princely sonne resolved
 And often kill'd, longing to be dissolved.
 And though approching Death did him assaile,
 So that his speech had now begun to faile.
 Yet whilst they read, or pray (as Christ commands)
 He lifting up his eyes, his armes, his hands,
 Gave cleare consent: and what hee could not speake,
 His sighing Soule did from Christ Iesus seeke.
 The twenty sixt of March (Saturday) gone,
 The Iewish Sabbath chang'd for this reason,
 Our Saviour rose, having made satisfaction
 To God his justice for all sinfull action
 Of all his Elect, in thought, vword, and deed:
 And for all sinne originall did proceed
 From our preceeding parents whosoever,
 From *Adam, Eve*, and from them all together,
 Triumphiing over Satan, Sinne, Death, Hell.
 That hee and his in heaven might ever dwell.
 On the first day, as then was, of the weeke,
 Before that *Mary Magdalen* did seeke
 The Tombe of Christ, wherein hee was interred,
 Calling him for the Gardner, (having erred)
 Which day all Christians doe our Lords day call,
 Religiously observing it, withall
 Sinceritie, mov'd by the good example
 Of the Apostles, preaching in the temple:
 And by the warrant of Gods word, in writ,
 Saint *Iohn* being ravish'd in his spirit on it.

Heard

Heard a great voyce, as of a trumpet sound,
 Which *Alpha* and *Omega* did resound:
 Commanding him to write within a booke
 What he did see, (that they thereon might looke)
 And send it to the Churches seven, which were
 In Asia: *Epheffe, Smyrne, Pergame, Thyatire:* *Rev. 1. 10. 11.*
 To *Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea,*
 Where now the Turke reignes, cruelties *Idea.*
 Even on that day Christ Iesus did arise
 From death, to gaine heavens glory for a prise,
 To him, and all his Elect, through his merit,
 On that Lords day, King *IAMES* did heaven inherit.
 The Holy One in persons three distinguish'd,
 One God, and indivisible extinguish'd
 His mortall life, and life immortall gaue him,
 And did in new Ierusalem receive him.
 The three times nine, or nine times third of March,
 The twenty seventh, King *Iames* his soule did marche
 Amongst those Angels, and those Saints of God,
 Which haue with our Redeemer their abode.
 The thousand yeare, six hundred twenty five,
 Since our sole Saviour tooke on mortall life,
 Immortall life prevailing over breath,
 Made him triumph over sinne, shame, hell and death.
 O is hee gone? and shall we not bedew
 His Tombe with teares, did peace and loue renew,
 So oft? Shall he for such rare vertues sake
 As rang in him (which many Christians lacke)
 Forgotten be? No, till this world shall end,
 Our pennes and poems shall King *Iames* commend.
 And were it not that heavens did so decree,
 Our prayers yet had stayd Deaths destinie.

But

(8)

But that his maker would such Soule embrace,
As lov'd and long'd to see his Saviours face.
To render thanks, and everlasting praise,
Alwayes to him who did through Christ him raise,
Vnto such Glory as he shall adore,
And never cease to praise the Lord therefore.

KING

We waile not IAMES Nor need we him lament,
Whose Soule in Heauen, before his oyle was spent,
Whose Lampe, gaue Light, and Lanterne like did lead,
By his example, rightly to proceed:
Both Kings, and Kæsars, Monarches of the Earth,
Princes, and Peares, aswell in life as death,
We waile not IAMES who for the heauenly loyes,
Hath left to dally with all earthly Toyes,
We wail not IAMES whose loye surmounteth more
Now in one houre, then all his dayes before.
We wail not IAMES Great Britains Jewell faire,
Thrice Crowned King, 'mongst Kings a Phoenix rare.
We wail not IAMES who rendered to his race,
Three Kingdomes Crownes, to enjoy in heauen his place.
We wail not IAMES whose potent pen refused
The Foes of Christ, and hath them much rebuted.
We wail not IAMES who writ those thornie cares,
Which Crownes and Scepters, in their compasse beares.
We wail not IAMES who Mysteries vnfolded,
Which Iohn in Pathmos Ile, in trance beholded,
We wail not IAMES whose Dæmoniacke storie,
Discovered many vices, and vaine Glorie.
We wail not IAMES nor need we to deplore one,
Who did afford such a Basillike Doron.

We

(9)

Weewaile not *IAMES*, who learn'dly did rehearse,
King Davids Psalmes in his owne royall verse
We waile not *IAMES*, whose Name, whose Fame, whose
Is more and more by learned men set forth, (worth,
Ev'n *Verbins*, and the Cardinalls record,
King *IAMES* a Learned, and Religious Lord.
Weewaile our want of such a worthie King,
Yet more wee joye, since hee in Heaven doth reigne.
Whose Corps though now interred in the dust.
Shall rise with *Jacobs*, and with *Isa* the just.
Nor neede wee curse such mountaines as *Gilbeah*,
Nor waile such waters, as our Father *Noah*.
Nor neede wee waile private or publicke crime
Wrought in our native Soyle at any time.
Nor valleyes vaunting monstrous-marching might,
Of forraine foes, or homebred household spight:
Nor thundring Cannons, nor the Trumpets sound,
Nor Turkish spyte, which else where doth abound.
Nor Papists plots, with Powder-plotted treason,
Prepared 'gainst him, and his, against all reason.
Nor Spanish-Papist policies disguised,
Deliberat, and long before advised,
Which masked with the shew of friendly love,
Like craftie Serpent, cunninglie to move
And so to lurke amidst brave Britains bowres,
Crossing our Gardens, tripping in our Towres:
Into our pleasant Palaces approaching,
And on our lives, Lands, Liberties enchroching,
Accusing and accroching, and seducing,
Our Nobles, and our commounes abusing.
With Gundomerian-Gunnes to make vs gant,
And lose our lives, before wee see our want,

C

Our

Our God, and Saviour, did such things prevent,
 And to such Parent of our peace hath sent,
 In peace a Messenger to take *lames* breath,
 His Generall-muster-master mortall Death:
 Bounding Deaths limits, that hee no more could,
 But bring to dust (of dust) his earthly mould.
 Maugre the Hells: no second Death, nor terrour
 Durst sease on him, nor no affrighting horreur,
 Durst so attempt his breast, as for to ludge
 In his heroicke Heart one faithlesse grudge.
 Firme was his Faith, and franck his fortitude,
 Through and in Christ, who for him shed his blood.
 For *Adams* and for *Eva's* curious lust,
 By Gods decree, dust must returne to dust,
 First *Adam* through his fall damnation brought,
 Christ second *Adam* our Salvation wrought,
 Spoyler of Death, more than *Methusalem*,
 No *Babell* Builder, but *Ierusalem*,
Ierusalem the New, prepar'd of God,
 Where Saints amongst his Angells haue abode,
 Through Iesus Christ: By whom *lames* justified,
 Heere a crown'd King: hence a King glorified.
 Whilst heere hee range, hee justice did affect,
 Truth, Love, and Peace: hee much more did respect
 Religion, right and reason, Chastitie:
 Than any King on Earth, with clemencie:
 Nor Glorie vaine, nor greed, nor golde, nor gaine
 Could make him from the hope of heaven refraine:
 Nor trust in treasure, which Earth could afford:
 For why his trust was in the living Lord,
 King *lames*, thy blames are buried and forgot:
 Thy Faith, Fame, Name, claime Crowne without a spot.

Now

(13)

Now blessed *Jacob*, rest in Heaven, and sing,
The everlasting praise of Christ thy King:
The King of Kings, thy God, the Lord of Hostes,
Was, is, and shall bee: to whom the Worlds coastes
Subjected are? Didst thou the Scriptures quote
To praise thy God? didst thou thy pen devote:
Loe many pens of vertuous men expresse
Thy worthie parts; thy praise for to increse:
Wast thou of modest mind, of bodie chaste,
Religious, learn'd: thou joy'st the interest.
Thy Clemencie, thy bountie and thy Love:
And such true vertues, sent thee from above:
Returne to thee much more abundantly
Good Name, good Fame, since vertue can not dye.
Thy pleasant Poems, learned, and profound,
Shall till the World have end, thy worth resounds
And counter-check such ignorant prophaine,
As Cuckoos gloriously mocke the inspyred vaine
Of Christian Poets: who in sacred verse,
The praise of Christ, and of his Church rehearse.
Those learned workes, which from thee did proceede,
Such ignorants vaine glorie shall deride:
As jeast at learning, and esteeme it folly
To bee train'd vp in Christian Schooles most holy:
And shall move others also to deplore
This vitious Age: And praise God evermore:
Who as hee gave the Kingdomes, Scepters, Crownes,
So gave hee wisdom, which thee now renownes.
Those earthly things too litle for thy minde:
Hee gave, then tooke, when hee had thee refine,
And in exchange a Crowne of glorie gave thee,
And did in Heaven for evermore receive thee,

C 2

That

(12)

That thou to him mightst sing that sacred Song,
Which doth Gods Angells, and Christs Saints belong
Right-faithfull Stewart, Kings may learne by thee,
To serve their God, while as they Stewarts bee
Hecke of alittle: with the Virgins wife,
Attending on their Master, and their prise:
With burning Lamps, till that they heare the call
Of their Bride-groome, and with him enter all
In Heaven, that they may Crownes receive, makes sure
In joye and glorie, ever to endure.

O Potent Patron, of all vertues true;
Who didst for thine, Sinne, Hell and Death subdue,
Lord Iesus Christ, God-Man: my Saviour sweet,
Inspire mee with the wisdome of thy Spirit:
That I with Faith and zeale, may thinke, speake, write,
With wisdome worke, and with discretion dite
Thy praise and glorie, for thy gifts so good,
Which thou to thine hast giv'n, through thine owne Blood:
And for? (since it hath pleased thee to call,
King *James* to Heaven) thou *Charles* makest to all
True Christian subjects, a true Patron bee,
A Father, and a friend to pietie,
To vertues valour, and to right and reason,
A friend to peace of conscience: foe to treason
Committed against Christ, and's sacred Saints,
By men, which of their finnes and vices vaunts.
O wee vnwoorthie justly did deserve,
That thou hadst sent a King, to make vs swerve
From true Religion: but thou didst prevent,
Our miserie with mercie, and hast sent

A Royall, Loyall, Learn'd, Religious Prince,
 Magnanimous, and mightie for defence
 Of all true Christians: Whom good God decoro
 With wisdom, that in zeale he thee adore,
 In Loue, Faith, Feare, Obedience to thy will,
 Aye more and more, till he thy will fulfill.
 Wee did deserve, and did by sinne procure,
 That thou shouldst not haue suffered to endure:
 That Royall race of faithfull Stewarts line,
 For that wee did so oft against thee repine.
 If for our sinnes thou hadst cut with the stocke,
 The seede and siplings and madest vs a mocke
 To all the World; Yet wee much more deserved,
 Who by our sinfull lusts, so oft haue swerved,
 From the obedience of thy Law, and will,
 Our fleshly sinfull pleasures to fulfill.
 And but thy mercie is so eminent,
 All perills of thy people to prevent,
 Wee had beene made a prey to euerie Nation,
 For our contempt, and for our provocation.
 For our contempt of thy most sacred Word,
 Provoking thee to wrath, long-suffering Lord.
 Infinite thou; not willing to contend
 'Gainst flesh infirme: didst grace and mercie send
 Through Iesus Christ, in whom wee are well eased,
 Through whom, with vs thou canst not bee displeased.
 Eternall trueth, who gavest to James to bee,
 Royall on Earth, Religious towards thee,
 Extend thy blessings vnto his succession,
 Doe not repell our earnest intercession
 O Lord our God: That so wee may sing praise,
 Aye more and more to thee, who did him raise.

Now neede we pray no more for *Lambs*, since gone:
 Exempt from prayer; and exempt from mone.
 Direct our hearts therefore to praise thee for him,
 And pray that in King *Charles* thou doe restore him.
 Restore him in such vertues, and such grace,
Elisha-like in good *Eliab's* place,
 With double portion of thy holy Spirit,
 Confirming Faith, conferring grace to vaite
 His whole affection, both of soule and heart
 Rightly to thee, so that they never part.
 Make the good motions of thy Spirit him guide,
 Supream Essence; who can not bee divide.
 Thy wings bee his protection, grace, and power,
 In the assalt of all temptations houre.
 And if his sinnes (which God forbid) become
 Notorious blacke, or thicke, or darke, or dimme,
 Or like such clowdes, as doth the Sunne obscure,
 Dissolve them Lord, and let not them endure.
 King of all Kings; so make thy mercies shine,
 In, through, and by Christ, that he knowe hee is thine:
 So that hee doe repent, returne, amend,
 In wisdom, love, faith, zeale till life shall end.
 New gifts, new graces daylie to him grant,
 In such aboundance, so that hee nought want.
 Increse in him what's good; and take away
 All sinne which may his soule seduce, or slay.
 Most mighty Lord from throne of mercies grace,
 Exempt him not, so that thou hyde thy Face.
 Stand by him Lord, and save him from such errour
 Of mind, as may procure his conscience terrour.
 From damn'd defection, and from all disgrace,
 Good Lord deliver *Charles*, in each case.

Re-

Remember not his sinnes: but pardon give,
 Exalt him by thy grace, and him relieve
 From danger of all foes 'gainst him repine,
 Who would him trap in traines which they propine:
 Bee his defence against all stormes, and chaimes:
 Remember Lord to keepe him in thine armes,
 From all assailes beethou his strong refuge,
 Save him from all temptations, and from grudge.
 Grant Lord he cause amend what is amisse
 In all his Kingdomes; so that thou doe blesse
 Both him, and them; and all to him belong:
 Maintaine vs: and avenge vs of foes wrong,
 Except they doe repent, amend, returne;
 And so leave off to make thy Saints to mourne.
 The royall reigne of *Charles* wee recommend
 To thee O Lord of Hostes: O Lord defend,
 In right Religion, his royall Realmes all,
 His subject Princes, Nobles great and small.
 His forraine Friends, and favorits reward,
 And vnto all pertaine him; bee a guard.
 His generous Gentles, blesse thou whosoever,
 His loyall subjects, that they not swerve, nor sever.
 Prevent him, and all his from Heaven above,
 With saving grace, with mercie peace and love.
 In all temptations houre must come to try
 (Thy Saints on Earth, who doe on thee rely.)
 O let not foes prevaile gainst thee, nor Atheists,
 Nor none of their owne merite-vaunting Papists,
 Robbing the Lord of Love, and life his glorie:
 With Soule-sicke-fairded fictions making sorie;
 Praying, and causing others for to pray,
 In tongues vnknowne not knowing what they say:

Soffer

(16)

Suffer not foes, sinne, Satan, so t'assalt,
That thine from thee or slide, or fall, or hale:
From feare or force of forraine foes or plots,
Preserve King *Charles* and his from all their shots.
And from their craftie carriage, which is knowne,
Now to bee like to bladders, which are blowne.
Conspyring 'gainst our King, and Countries good,
Exulting when by errours they illude.
Abusing sacred Name, calde *Iesuites*,
Who rather ought to bee calde *Gibeonites*.
Deluding men with worse than rotten bread,
In stead of such as Soules, and bodies feed.
Respecting the proud Pope, and his curst traine,
More than Christs glorie: which they doe restraine,
Whilst craftelie they derogate from Christ,
And arrogate vnto their perverse Priest.

Distich.

King *Charles* takes vp, what did King *James* lay downe,
Three Swords, three Scepters, and a triple Crowne.

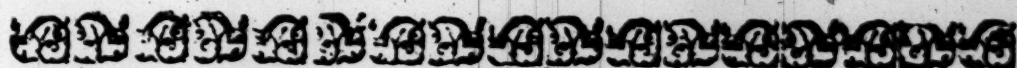
*On King James the defunct dead to sinne and living for ever to
righteousnesse.*

*On the living King Charles, dying to sinne, living and to live
for ever to righteousness.*

*On the perverse Pope living to sinne, dying and to dye for ever
to righteousness, except he repent and convert to the Trinitie.*

Francis Hamiltoun his first Essay. Feb. 7. 1626.

* *
*



A Poeticall Ecphrafe and Paraphrafe on the 13 verse
of the 14 chapter of S. Iohns Revelation

*S*aying to me from Heaven a voice heard I,
Write, Blest are they, which in the Lord doe die
From hence forth: yea, the Sprit sayes, for they rest
Them from their labours, and their workes (whilst blest)
Doe follow them: * ——— (even their reward is such
According to their workes, little or much.)
Not for their workes, for they doe much deboard
From the commands, and will of Christ our Lord:
Although good workes from his good Sprit proceed,
And as from him are perfect workes indeed:
Yet in all mortall men by sinfull nature,
Are more or lesse infect'd with sinnes foule feature:
And as in sinfull man they cannot merite,
That man the ioyes of Heaven for aye inherite.
Through faith in Christ, our Saviour God and Man
Heavens ioyes we gaine, which Christ vnto vs wan.
Yet must we have good workes, as fruit which show,
The goodnesse of the tree whereon they grow,
Least wee bee lyke to fruitlesse trees; which cut
Are cast in fyre: For to each tree its roote
The axe is layd, and if they bring not forth
Good fruit, they are cut downe as nothing woorth.
But to be cast in hell amongst the Diuels,
The authors; and suggesters of our evils.

The triumph of every true Christian defunct.

O death where is thy sting,
O grave where is thy victorie. now shaw:
O all your strength through sinne was in Gods Law,
Which Christ fulfil'd: (My King.)
Through faith which Christ inspired by his Sprit,
I now with him doe rest,
And shall aye praise my God and Saviour sweet,
No more with sinne oppress.

*

Song to the comfort of every true Christian.

Blyth may he be, though his death doe arrest him,
Hath his sinnes dash'd out of the bookes of accounting.
Blyth may he be, though his friends have oppress'd him,
Finds by true faith, true spirituall ioyes surmounting.
Earthly things, though prompt in pomp, like to flowres are fading,
When the Arch-Angell soundeth his Trumpe, no time for dissuading.
Death when past, brings at last, either ioy or sorrow,
Then respect, doth neglect, one moment to morrow.

Time then is gone, and no more can re'urne,
Time can no more as then deie't nor aduance thee.
Heaven or in Hell, man must dwell, ioy or mourne,
Even as a tree cut downe to dye, shall thy death inhaunce thee.
Chaunce and Fortune haue no place: God for all provideth,
Sinfull life, or mercies grace, makes what man betideth.
Life or death, after breath, from which is no returning.
God doth guide, and provide, mirth for those are mourning.

If thou to day, heare his voyce who doth say,
Better now thou weepe for sinne, nor to laugh for pleasure:
Banish therefore away, all shifts of delay,
Turne, repent thee with teares, to be kept in his treasure:
Mind'st thou to haue, knock, seeke, and craue, for the time is sliding,
Knock, he wil open: seek, thou shalt find, aske whiles thy Lord is biding
He will grant, thou nought want, who so deare hath bought thee,
He will redresse, thy distresse, who so much hath sought thee.

Goe then and count, though thy sinnes doe amount
The sand of the sea, like red crimse, thou repenting,
Thy faith shall surmount, or them thou recount,
If thy abode bee with God, who likes not thy tormenting:
Whiter then the whitest snow he shall make thy being,
Who obedience to his law craues, but not thy dying.
As he liueth, so he sweareth, he hath no delight in
Sinners death, if from wrath, they returne or smiten.

Loe as a Hen calls her Birds to defend,
He calling cries, more then twice or thrice, for repentance,
Harden not thy heart, least he depart in end,
And sometime thou heare, in thine eare, this fearefull sentence,
Goe yee cursed into hell, where damned Divels are dying,
And from heaven he you repell (for your sinnes and lying)
Kisse his sonne, our Saviour sweet: Brace him by returning,
Rest at your redeemers feet, till he end your mourning.

What though a day, or a month, or a yeare,
Crosse thy desires with imagin'd discontentings,
Can not the change of an houre from all feare,
Crowne thy delight with ten thousand true contentings.
Worldly honour, beautie, wealth, like vnto flowres are fading,
Painted pleasures posting pelse: from true ioyes disswading.
But when grace, guides there place, then in seemly sorting:
Loue, faith, truth, zeale and ruth, makes them all comforting.

What if at morne, at noone-tide, or evening,
Thy God shall recall thee: art thou not content than,
Time to regard when he is befreanding,
Think not that hee'l saue thee, without thy consent man.
Turne he from thee, looke for wrath: for he is all-seeing,
No repentance after death: but aye life or dying.
Heav'n or in Hell, man must dwell: thence is no returning.
Glore or grieve, without reliefe, alwayes ioy or mourning.

Make thy abode in this world with thy God,
By faith, feare, loue, zeale, prayer, praise, and repenting
Thy sinnes, which blinds thy soule with such loades,
As seeme gainst heav'n, with the Divels, or their evils, indenting.
Wouldst thou ring with thy King, in heav'n at his appearance,
Heere thou must fight, as a Christian knight, by faith & perseverance.
Triumphs ioyes, freed from noyes, there we will finde aye byding,
Crownes of glorie, evermore, which are never flyding.

Then new heaven, and new earth, when gone's all breath
Create shall be by infinitie, both former not remembred,
In the towne, of renowne, where is no death,
Saints shall dwell, freed from hell, and be no more dismembred.
Saint *Iohn* saw that towne, out of heaven coming downe, new *Ierusalem*,
From God prepared (in this compared, to *Metusalem*,
The spoyler, of death, where is no wrath) as a bride for her husband,
Full of glory and ioy, Loue freeing from noy, many thousand.

There Saints shall remaine where is nothing filthy,
The Citie pure gold, like glasse (free from mould) transparent,
The foundation of the walles of the Citie,
Were garnish'd with all sorts of precious stones (apparent)
1 *Iasper*, 2 *Saphyr*, 3 *Chalcedone*, 4 *Emeraude*, 5 *Sardnix*, 6 *Sardius* one,
7 *Chrysolite*, 8 *Beril*, 9 *Topas* one: 10 *Chrysoliras*, 11 *Iacintb*, 12 *Ametyst* stone.
Twelue gates, twelue pearles, each gate of one pearle was (apparent)
And the streets of the Citie pure gold, as glasse, transparent.

God and the Lambe are the Temple therein,
There no need of the Sunne, nor shining moone, where Tri-unitie,
For the glorie of God did it lighten,
And the Lambe is the light thereof (most bright Infinitie,)
And the people sav'd, shall there be receav'd, & shall walk in its light,
& the kings of the earth, shal bring (after death) to it their glory & might
& the gates of it shal by day not be shut, for there shal be no night there,
And the honor & gloire of the gentils evermore, vnto it shal be brought
(there.

There shall enter in it nothing vncleane,
Nor that doth work lies (fal hood to lurke) or abomination,
But onely those who are written (and seene)
In the Lambs book of life (where is no strife) there rests al contentation:
In him who belieue, was dead and doth liue for aye, & in his purchesse,
Who hath an eare let him heare what the spirit sayth vnto the Churchs,
To him that overcommeth:
To him will I giue for ever to liue, and with me to haue abode, (God.
And to eate of the tree, of life we shal see, in the midst of the paradise of



*Exhortation to all true Christians
for the praising of our Saviour.*

King CHARLES our King come now and sing,
Exult for ioy before thy King,
The King of Kings, thy God and Lord,
And let thy soule and heart accord
To magnifie and to extoll
Thy King, who doth his foes controll.
Mine heart reioyceth whiles I heare,
How Christian like thou doest thee beare :
Obedience offering to Christs will,
By life and conversation still:
The sacrifice of Thankesgiving,
With prayers offering to thy King,
Through Iesus Christ thy Saviour sweete,
Who thee protecteth with his Sprite.
When God King *David* had aduanced,
Before Gods Arke good *David* daunced
With all his might, for he reioiced
In God, in whom he still reposed.
Great Britaine with the Ocean sea
Inviron'd, come now, and with me,
Sing praise and glorie to Christ our Lord,
Who grace, peace, mercie doth affoord.
Come learned, and come Laickes all,
Come Nobles, Gentles, great and small,
Come rich, come poore, come every creature,
Conformed in true Christian feature.
Now let vs sing in songs the praise,
Of God, who *Charles* our King doth raise,
And doth devouring pests repell,
Captiving Satan, Sinne, Death, Hell,
The World, (and whatsoe're gaine-stood
His glorie) through his precious blood
Who by the power of his Sprite,
Doth his owne Saints to him vnite.

Come Scotland, and exult for ioy,
Praise Christ who doth prevent thy noy:
And Charles thy Sovereigne Lord hath sent,
Apparent perils to prevent.
Come Edinburgh renown'd for worth:
The towne wherein I had my birth:
Thou Citie situate on a mountaine,
(Wherein doth flow the liuely fountaine
Of Christs Evangell) for whom Christ,
Is Sacrifice, and King, and Priest.
Come, come, all Christians true, resound
The praise, and glorie so profound,
Of God our Lord, of Christ our King,
Who most triumphantly doth raigne,
Let men and Angels all agree
To praise his glorious Maiestie:
Extoll the name of Christ our Lord,
And from his will doe not debord.
O Christian true, O Saints of God,
Whiles heere on earth you haue abode,
Suffer for Christ, and for his sake,
If need require, all things forsake
Which doth to mortall life pertaine,
For he doth all in all containe.
Who every moment doth thee view,
For loue of Christ, O Christian true
If need require, if iust occasion,
Affoord thy liues sincere oblation.
O Christian rather then thou slide
From Iesus Christ (who from his side
His royall precious blood made fall
To saue the faithfull great or small,
Who doe beleue in him through grace,
Sent by his Sprit, for to deface
Satan, sinne, shame, the world, death, hell,
That such with him may alwayes dwell.)
For sake thy father and thy mother,
For sake thy sister and thy brother.

Forfake thy children, health, wealth, wife,
Thy credite, and thy mortall life,
Or whatsoever's to thee deere,
Loe he shall recompence thee heere,
And hence give million millions more,
Which he in heav'n hath layd in store
For thee (true Christian) and for thine
An Ocean of true ioyes; propine
Surpassing thought of mortall man,
For let man thinke all that he can,
And speeke and write, it to define,
Man in this life can not attaine
Vnto the thousand millions part
Which he shall have in soule and heart
When the Arch-Angell shall with sound
Of Trumpet, raise the dead from ground,
And Christ with his eternall sentence
Shall doome pronounce, when as repentance
Shall after that no time receaue,
Though damn'd could giue what Christ did craue,
Then after that there's be no time,
For time shall then run out of time,
As doth that Angell testifie
To *Iohn*, whom *Iohn* in traunce did see,
Which sware by him (who life vngiveth)
For ever and for ever liueth:
Who Heav'n, earth, sea, and all therein
Created. (Who subdued sinne,
Through Iesus Christ, and his great store
Of grace) That time shall be no more,
Come all true Christians now whiles time,
Doth pardon to your sinnes proclaime,
Returne againe to Christ our Lord,
And from his will no more debord.
Come, come, and ioyfully resound
The praise of Christ, who doth abound
In loue, in mercie, peace and grace,
And shall make vs to see his face.

Rev. 10. 5. 6.

In ioy and glory, who contend
 'Gainst sinne and Satan, till hee end
 This mortall life, and to vs giue
 For evermore with him to liue.
Michael the Dragon cast from Heav'n,
 And Babels whoore shall als bee driven,
 And dashed strongly downe to dust,
 The Antichrist whom God hath curst:
 O she is fallen in Gods sight,
 And daily falling through his might.
 The glorie of her pompe and pride,
 Must yeeld to Christ, and to his Bride.
 Gods Israel. O Christians true,
 Come shoute for ioy, and still reue
 A battery to proud Babels wall,
 Till that presumptuous Harlot fall.
 Would God mine eyes might see her dash'd
 And dung to dust, who long hath fash'd
 The Bride of Christ. O Lord of might,
 Grant we may shortly see that sight,
 O mightie Lord, delay not long,
 Behold thy little ones in throng,
 And front of battell, fighting still,
 Attending thy command and will.
 How long, how long, remember Lord,
 Thy Saints (with whom we doe accord)
 Vnder thy throne, who call and cry,
 How long, how long, dost thou delay
 For to avenge vs of our wrongs?
 But thou Lord know'st what best belongs
 Vnto thy glorie; which fulfill,
 According to thine holy will.



This Country hath
 become covered with
 wood, in great numbers,
 of swine, and
 hares, and pheasants
 and geese (being exceeding
 many) were
 taken twenty years
 ago. The wood was cut and
 burnt for small
 rods & poles for
 the use of the
 Charlots of the
 country.

The servants which Na hash wold have made
when the officers Japheth Gilad
was wrie. Great. But my more so Don.
The servants are. Loaden full of
silver.

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Life
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3. Hear O ye Kinnes O ye Printers give ear
For anon I will sing with (uno & Teare)
with the Lord; Heavens will sing Praise
unto Jehovah, & praise God, (Allwaies)

And when thou wastest out of Sam, when thou
 Marchedst out of the field of Idom: (now)
 The earth trembled; Heavens and Clouds, dropped
 Down waters: And the mountains they melted;
 From before God: Even Sinai from before
 The Lord God of Israel: (more and more)
 In this time, long Deborah doth declare,
 And doth none persons spare,
 New Chole new Gods, when wars was in the Gates,
 This speech rebukes thine idols, and great Bricks
 Which came not to the Battell, Of the Lord,
 Of the praisings, which freely from thine efforts.